

*Exet.* Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.

*Warw.* *Exet.* thou art a Traytor to the Crowne, In following this vsurping *Henry*.

*Clifford.* Whom should hee follow, but his naturall King?

*Warw.* True *Clifford*, that's *Richard* Duke of Yorke.

*Henry.* And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?

*Yorke.* It must and shall be so, content thy selfe.

*Warw.* Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.

*Westm.* He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster,

And that the Lord of Westmerland shall maintaine.

*Warw.* And *Warwick* shall disproue it. You forget, That we are those which chas'd you from the field,

And slew your Fathers, and with Colours spread Marcht through the Citie to the Pallace Gates.

*Northumb.* Yes *Warwicke*, I remember it to my griefe,

And by his Soule, thou and thy House shall rue it.

*Westm.* *Plantagenet*, of thee and these thy Sonnes,

Thy Kinsmen, and thy Friends, He haue more liues

Then drops of blood were in my Fathers Veines.

*Cliff.* Vnge it no more, lest that in stead of words,

I send thee, *Warwicke*, such a Messenger,

As shall reuenge his death, before I stirre.

*Warw.* Poore *Clifford*, how I scorne his worthlesse Threats.

*Plant.* Will you we shew our Title to the Crowne?

If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field.

*Henry.* What Title hast thou Traytor to the Crowne?

*Plant.* My Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke,

Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earle of March.

I am the Sonne of *Henry* the Fifth,

Who made the Dolphin and the French to stoupe,

And seiz'd vpon their Townes and Prouinces.

*Warw.* Talk not of France, such thou hast lost it all.

*Henry.* The Lord Protector lost it, and not I:

When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old.

*Rich.* You are old enough now,

And yet me thinkes you loose:

Father teare the Crowne from the Vsurers Head.

*Edward.* Sweet Father doe so, set it on your Head.

*Mount.* Good Brother,

As thou lou'st and honorest Armes,

Let's fight it out, and not stand caulling thus.

*Richard.* Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the King will flye.

*Plant.* Sonnes peace.

*Henry.* Peace thou, and giue King *Henry* leaue to speake.

*Warw.* *Plantagenet* shal speake first: Heare him Lords,

And be you silent and attentue too,

For he that interrupts him, shall not liue.

*Hen.* Think'st thou, that I will leaue my Kingly Throne,

Wherein my Grandfire and my Father sat?

No: first shall *Warre* vnepeople this my Realme;

I, and their Colours often borne in France,

And now in England, to our hearts great sorrow,

Shall be my Winding-sheet. Why faint you Lords?

My Title's good, and better farre then his.

*Warw.* Prove it *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.

*Hen.* *Henry* the Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne.

*Plant.* 'Twas by Rebellion against his King.

*Henry.* I know not what to say, my Titles weake:

Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?

*Plant.* What then?

*Henry.* And if he may, then am I lawfull King:

For *Richard*, in the view of many Lords,

Resign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the Fourth,

Whose Heire my Father was, and I am his.

*Plant.* He rose against him, being his Soueraigne,

And made him to resigne his Crowne perforce.

*Warw.* Suppose, my Lords, he did it vneconstrayn'd,

Thinke you 'twere preiudiciall to his Crowne?

*Exet.* No: for he could not so resigne his Crowne,

But that the next Heire should succeed and reigne.

*Henry.* Art thou against vs, Duke of *Exeter*?

*Exet.* His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

*Plant.* Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?

*Exet.* My Conscience tells me he is lawfull King.

*Henry.* All will reuolt from me, and turne to him.

*Northumb.* *Plantagenet*, for all the Clayme thou lay'st,

Thinke not, that *Henry* shall be so depos'd.

*Warw.* Depos'd he shall be, in despight of all,

*Northumb.* Thou art deceiu'd:

'Tis not thy Southerne power

Of *Essex*, *Norfolke*, *Suffolke*, nor of *Kent*,

Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,

Can set the Duke vp in despight of me.

*Clifford.* King *Henry*, be thy Title right or wrong,

Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me aliue,

Where I shall kneele to him that slew my Father.

*Henry.* Oh *Clifford*, how thy words reuiue my heart,

*Plant.* *Henry* of Lancaster, resigne thy Crowne:

What mutter you, or what conspire you Lords?

*Warw.* Doe right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,

Or I will fill the House with armed men,

And ouer the Chayre of State, where now he sits,

Write vp his Title with vsurping blood.

*He stampes with his foot, and the Souldiers show themselves.*

*Henry.* My Lord of *Warwick*, heare but one word,

Let me for this my life time reigne as King.

*Plant.* Confirm the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,

And thou shalt reigne in quiet while thou liu'st.

*Henry.* I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*

Enioy the Kingdome after my decease.

*Clifford.* What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your Sonne?

*Warw.* What good is this to England, and himselfe?

*Westm.* Base, fearefull, and despayring *Henry*.

*Clifford.* How hast thou iniur'd both thy selfe and vs?

*Westm.* I cannot stay to heare these Articles.

*Northumb.* Nor I.

*Clifford.* Come Cousin, let vs tell the Queene these Newes.

*Westm.* Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King,

In whose cold blood no sparke of Honor bides.

*Northumb.* Be thou a prey vnto the House of Yorke,

And dye in Bands, for this vnmanly deed.

*Cliff.* In dreadfull *Warre* may'st thou be ouercome,

Or liue in peace abandon'd and despis'd.

*Warw.* Turne this way *Henry*, and regard them not.

*Exeter.* They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeeld.

*Henry.* Ah *Exeter*.

*Warw.* Why should you sigh, my Lord?

*Henry.* Not for my selfe Lord *Warwick*, but my Sonne,

Whom I vnaturally shall dis-inherit.

But be it as it may: I here entayle

The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for euer,

Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath,

To cease this Ciuill Warre: and whil'st I liue,

To

To honor me as thy King, and Soueraigne:

And neyther by Treason nor Hostilitie,

To seeke to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe.

*Plant.* This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.

*Warw.* Long liue King *Henry*: *Plantagenet* embrace him.

*Henry.* And long liue thou, and these thy forward Sonnes.

*Plant.* Now *Yorke* and *Lancaster* are reconcil'd.

*Exet.* Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes.

*Senes.* Here they come downe.

*Plant.* Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Castle.

*Warw.* And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers.

*Nor.* And I to *Norfolke* with my follower.

*Mount.* And I vnto the Sea, from whence I came.

*Henry.* And I with griefe and sorrow to the Court.

*Enter the Queene.*

*Exet.* Heere comes the Queene,

Whose Lookes bewray her anger:

*He steale away.*

*Henry.* *Exet.* so will I.

*Queene.* Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.

*Henry.* Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay.

*Queene.* Who can be patient in such extreames?

Ah wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid:

And neuer leene thee, neuer borne thee Sonne,

Seeing thou hast prou'd so vnnatural a Father.

Hath he deseru'd to loose his Birth-right thus?

Hadst thou but lou'd him halfe so well as I,

Or felt that paine which I did for him once,

Or nouriish him, as I did with my blood;

Thou would'st haue left thy dearest heart-blood there,

Rather then haue made that sauge Duke thine Heire,

And dis-inherited thine onely Sonne.

*Prince.* Father, you cannot dis-inherit me:

If you be King, why should not I succede?

*Henry.* Pardon me *Margaret*, pardon me sweet Sonne,

The Earle of *Warwick* and the Duke enforce't me.

*Quee.* Enforce't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc't?

I shame to heare thee speake: ah timorous Wretch,

Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,

And giu' vnto the House of *Yorke* such head,

As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance.

To entayle him and his Heires vnto the Crowne,

What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,

And creepe into it farre before thy time?

*Warwick* is Chancellor, and the Lord of Callice,

Sterne *Falconbridge* commands the Narrow Seas,

The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,

And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safetie findes

The trembling Lambe, inurroned with Wolues.

Had I bene there, which am a filly Woman,

The Souldiers should haue rof'd me on their Pikes,

Before I would haue granted to that Act.

But thou prefer'st thy Life, before thine Honor.

And seeing thou do'st, I here diuorce my selfe,

Both from thy Table *Henry*, and thy Bed,

Vntill that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,

Whereby my Sonne is dis-inherited.

The Northerne Lords, that haue forsworne thy Colours,

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:

And spread they shall be, to thy foule disgrace,

And vnter ruine of the House of *Yorke*.

Thus doe I leaue thee: Come Sonne, let's away,

Our Army is ready; come, wee'll after them.

*Henry.* Stay gentle *Margaret*.

*Queene.* Thou hast spoke gone.

*Henry.* Gentle Sonne *Edward*.

*Queene.* I, to be murder'd

Prince. When I returne w

Ile see your Grace: till then,

*Queene.* Come Sonne away.

*Henry.* Poore Queene,

How loue to me, and to her S

Hath made her breake out into

Reueng'd may she be on that

Whose haughtie spirit, wings

Will cost my Crowne, and lik

Tyre on the flesh of me, and o

The losse of those three Lord

Ile write vnto them, and entre

Come Cousin, you shall be th

*Exet.* And I, I hope, shall r

*Flourish. Enter Ric*

*Mount.*

*Richard.* Brother, though

leau.

*Edward.* No, I can better pi

*Mount.* But I haue reason

*Enter the Duke*

*Yorke.* Why how now Son

What is your Quarrell? how

*Edward.* No Quarrell, but

*Yorke.* About what?

*Rich.* About that which co

The Crowne of England, Fat

*Yorke.* Mine Boy? not till I

*Richard.* Your Right depe

*Edward.* Now you are Heir

By giuing the House of *Lanc*

It will out-runne you, Father,

*Yorke.* I tooke an Oath

reigne.

*Edward.* But for a Kingdome

I would breake a thousand O

*Richard.* No: God forbid

sworne.

*Yorke.* I shall be, if I clay

*Richard.* Ile proue the co

speake.

*Yorke.* Thou canst not, Son

*Richard.* An Oath is of no

Before a true and lawfull Mag

That hath authoritie ouer him

*Henry* had none, but did vsurp

Then seeing 'twas he that ma

Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine

Therefore to Armes: and Fat

How sweet a thing it is to we

Within whose Circuit is *Elis*